No. 19. PAGE 73

THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1803.

THE SHRUBBERY——A TALE.

YOUNG MELMOTH went down in the summer to his father's seat in Westmoreland, where, being of an active disposition, and having no companions but a German flute, and the works of a few favorite authors, he frequently amused himself with the sports of the field. He was one day so warmly engaged in pursuit of the wild fowl, which abound in the lake of that romantic county, that he had gained the banks of Winandermere; the solemn colouring of this magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them untill they nearly touched the hithermost shore; all this concurring with the reflections of his being at such a distance from home, filled him with sensations that he had never before felt. As he looked round amidst this terror and uncertainty, he espied a small farm-house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. After a short deliberation, he resolved to follow a path that seemed to lead thither, and passing through several lonely dells shaded with beeches, and overrun with wild flowers, he arrived at a wicket that opened into a shrubbery; the opposite plants intermitting their branches, cast a gloom very pleasing to the imagination, and a rivulet which ran murmuring over pebbles, or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandering close by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the shrubs suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf and stems of bushwood that resisted its current. A seat in the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to contemplate the beauties of the scene; so he accepted its offer, and resting the butt-end of his gun on the ground, and raising his hand to the muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the water-fall.

He had not continued long in this posture, when he heard the sound of a harpsichord, accompanied by a female voice. The air was pathetic in the highest degree, and tho' he could not distinguish the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect upon him: for his constitution was naturally very warm, and his feelings always awake to music.—The sound presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantic ideas which they had inspired.

He laid down his gun, and taking out his flute, an instrument on which he excelled, he raised it to his mouth, but the idea of alarming the stranger checked his design, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately rose up, and stealing along the walk, presently entered on a circular grass-plot planted round with evergreen, in the entrance of which stood a small stone temple.

A myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building, and a jessamine, which had been taught to wind up the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On the prize was this inscription: DEDICATED TO SENSIBILITY. As this seemed to be the place from whence the sounds, which still vibrated in his ear, had proceeded. Melmoth hesitated whether he should not return, but concluding from the silence that the person to whom he was indebted for them had retired, with a trembling hand he opened the door.

The walls on the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air.—On the urn were those words, from Sterne: *Eternal Fountain of my Feelings, 'tis here I trace thee!* A harpsichord stood open on one side, and a book lay upon it.

Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of Emma Corbett, and opened at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, where she had left the remains of a husband and a brother she adored, meets her aged father at his door, supported by his servant, and going to attend the funeral of her brother's widow, who had died distracted.

The passage affected Melmoth, and it seemed to have affected somebody else, for he thought he saw a tear upon the page; and he concluded that the reader had thrown down her book in a fit of enthusiasm, and struck off the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard.

He had scarcely replaced the book, when a young lady passed by the window with a basket of fruit in her hand. She was dressed in a plain white muslin night gown, with a bonnet of the same, and there was an elegance in her form which struck him.

She presently came back, and stooping down to bind the broken stalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity of examining her. Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to please than to dazzle; her features had such a softness and sweet delicacy in them that they were lost at a distance; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her look that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not striking, but a pleasing expression is superior to the finest in the world.

Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he know then, but he thought he saw something in her countenance which made him wish to be acquainted with her.

The god of Love is a gentle deity; his chains are so light that the victim is a captive when he least suspects it; and his arrows are so finely pointed, that the wound is deepest when it is felt the least. As soon as she was out of sight he left the apartment, and turning down the dark walk on the other side, soon came to a little rocky cavity overshadowed by the brown foliage of an oak which grew at its entrance.

A seat had been hewn out of the rock on either side, and a spring which gushed from a corner of the roof at the other end, trickled down with a soft lulling sound, and running directly across the floor, entered the rock on the opposite side.

Melmoth sat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin which had been drawn thither by the sound of his feet, hopped confidently in, but when it saw him flew immediately out again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CICERO, TO HIS SON MARCUS,

To reclaim him from his loose course of life.

[No. II.]

WHAT I wrote to you lately, I do not think sufficient to acquit myself, and therefore send you this second letter. I must once more conjure thee, son Marcus, to forsake the dissolute course of life thou hast taken up, which if thou wilt not do for the sake of thy own reputation, do at least for that of mine, which I have acquired not so much by the favor of fortune, as by pure merit. Do not endeavor to rob thy father of that happiness, which he has been all his life laboring after. But if nature has not made thee capable of knowing either thy honor or thy interest, she could not, sure, but have allowed thee a sense of that duty, which all children owe their parents. That alone, one would think, ought to excite in thee an inclination to virtue, which thou knowest I have not only long desired, but also commanded. Not to obey thy father, is mere madness; not to love him, extreme impiety; but to trample on his fame is worse than parricide. Neither wit nor words are able to express how commendable and necessary a thing obedience to a parent is. The utmost extent of time owns itself at a loss to reward such children as are dutiful. I will give thee some examples, Marcus, of such sons as with the hazard of their own, have saved their father's lives. Manlius Torquatus, the first that gave the name to that famous family, to free his father of an accusation before the tribune of the people, went armed and alone to the tribune's house, and by a generous force compelled that magistrate to desist from harkening to any further prosecution. Scipio Africanus had scarce attained the years of manhood, when he rescued his father from out of the hands of Hannibal, to whom, being grievously wounded, he had become a prey. Neither his unexperienced youth, nor the misfortune of the day, could hinder the vehemence of his virtue and affection from doing an act that has got him more renown than all his victories afterwards. Caius Flaminius, while tribune of the people, published a law to divide the conquered lands of Gallia: The senate opposed it, first in good words, then with threats, and at length with an army; but all in vain, until at last upon his father's bare request only, he abandoned his resolution, and submitted to authority. I could give thee other examples, Marcus, of sons that ventured their all to secure their father's safety; whilst thou, on the contrary, wilt not forego a few brutal delights to favor my good name, the loss of which is worse to me than death. I might, and that with reason, imitate those parents, who have proved tyrants to their children; such as Junius Brutus, Torquatus, and not long since Aulus Fulvius, who, rather than endure their disobedient issue, let out the degenerate blood. Is it not better to lop off the contagious member, than suffer it to spread its venom? With much greater reason might I rid myself of a child, who, by his dishonest life, robs me both of my quiet and reputation, and is in danger of poisoning the commonwealth to boot. Whilst my paternal affection, which can neither be altered by my ambition, nor my honor, is only anxious for thy safety and long life; I must confess, it gives me some uneasiness, when I consider what the world will say of me for taking no more care of thy education. I am sensible they will accuse my indulgence of nourishing thy propensity to vice. But then, when I can make it appear, as it is well known I can, that the cause is in thy perverse nature, and neither in my will nor power, that accusation will soon vanish. Truly, I cannot but wonder, that being of human kind, thou shouldst be insensible to all the calls of emulation, and the reproaches of infamy. But I soon change my mind, when I conclude, that one that could prove ungrateful to him, whom he owes his being to, will easily be so to himself. One would think the many obligations I have laid upon thee might have moved thee as my friend, if not as my son; but I find fortune, to afflict me yet the more sensibly, has brought that under the denomination of certainty, which I thought impossible. But since thy extravagant obstinacy despises my sincere good-will, since my words, that have all along had so great applause in the world, are but thrown away upon thee, I will hence-forward renounce thee for my son, or look upon thee only as an excrement, which, though it be a part of me, yet can I live without it. *Farewel.*

FOR THE HIVE.

IF the criminal code be defective, our liberty is invaded; if it be ill constructed, our lives are insecure. LUCIUS LUCERBUS.

LIFE, LIBERTY, and PROPERTY, are the distinguished objects and first care of SOCIETY. Not mere privileges dependant on the capricious will of man, but absolute rights derived from nature, and guaranteed by the constitution and laws of the country. —SOCIETY may deprive an individual of these inestimable privileges, when it may be deemed necessary to her prosperity and existence. Yet as it was for the security of these very rights man first entered into the SOCIAL COMPACT, it would seem, that nothing but the most imperious necessity could justify the exercise of such a power. Hence the too frequent exercise of capital punishments, not only defeats their *end*, but, is a violation of the law of nature. For as civil liberty is nothing more than natural liberty restrained, every useless and unjust restraint of the former, must be an injury to the latter, and consequently contrary to the law of nature.

Some, with greater *zeal* than *truth*, and more *humanity* than *public good*, have altogether denied SOCIETY the right to take away *life*.—With apparent truth too; for really it appears a solecism, that SOCIETY, formed to preserve life, should yet destroy it; that instead of applying the antidote, should administer the poison. But as in the natural body, it not infrequently becomes necessary to amputate the infected limb; so of the social body, its dissolution may often be prevented, by removing the corrupted member. As all *skilful* surgeons, however, would first attempt a cure before they apply the knife—so all *prudent* legislatures, should try every expedient before they unnecessarily take away the life of a fellow-citizen.—In so doing they usurp an authority belonging only to OMNIPOTENCE.

Life, liberty, and property, depending so materially on the *criminal code* in any country, the greatest prudence and circumspection should be exercised in its formation.—In it, legislators should exert their greatest *wisdom*.—In it, should exercise their greatest *goodness*. They should be careful in defining crimes with all their circumstances of guilt. They should carefully proportion the punishment to the crime. It is from this proportion arises the *justness* of the punishment;—as it is *this* renders the *perfection* of the criminal code.

Different circumstances in the same country, and the same circumstances in different countries, may aggravate or palliate guilt.—Yet no circumstances can so alter a crime as to make *that* capital in one country, which in another is punished with fine and imprisonment. Can it then be just, to inflict the same punishment on offences, different in their natures and degrees of guilt? At such a position human nature recoils. It is contrary to the law of nature.—It is contrary to reason and sound policy.—It confounds crimes by destroying the proportion between them and punishments;—and by the too frequent example, altogether defeats the *end*.—It is true human nature hath long since ceased to groan under the RACK, and TORTURE is no longer esteemed the test of truth.—But alas! she may yet expire.—Who can be so base as to think, the thief who has robbed his neighbor of little more than a shilling, is equally guilty with the vile incendiary,—the polluted ravisher,—the inhuman murderer?—And yet who will not be astonished to hear, that these acts so distant in their nature,—so different in their guilt,—all doom the wretch who commits them, to the same punishment? In a country too, which has so long boasted of her liberty,—of her having afforded an asylum to the oppressed,—a shelter to humanity.

PENNSYLVANIANS, had need to rejoice at the mildness of their predecessors, who perhaps more from humanity, than a sense of their afflictions, have compiled a code of

penal law—at once the most *humane*,—the most *politic*,—the most *just*, on earth. 'Tis there we see the true estimate of guilt.—'Tis there we find the exact proportion between crimes and punishments. There reason is not insulted in confounding crimes,—humanity not oppressed with indiscriminate torture,—temptation not excited.—No. There is there no inducement to the thief or the incendiary to add to their deeds, the horrible crime of murder.—In short, 'tis there, and there only, is exemplified the truth of the saying,—"That crimes are more effectually prevented by the *certainty*, than by the *severity* of punishments."

Oh! thou mild spirit of humanity how long art thou doomed, but, to inhabit that happy country?—Extend thy benign influence over the whole world.—Soften the heart of the Gentoo—the African—the Turk—the European.—Teach them no longer to delight in shedding the blood of their fellow-man—in adding insult to injury—and murder to villainy. MARCUS AURELIUS.

FOR THE HIVE.

Mr. Editor,

ON taking a walk last evening, I overtook some ladies and gentlemen, when the loquacity of (stay, what shall I call him, for if I may judge from his size, he has descended from the race of Tom Thumb) drew my attention. I soon found that the poor creature was quite in a fluster. I could not conceive what made him twist his delicate neck in the manner he did. It would have been gratifying to me to have seen his face, but had to curb my curiosity for fear of being observed. I was not, however, left long in suspense, for what caused so much motion in his dainty frame, was one of the misses teazing him about a young lady in the borough. He, at first, denied being acquainted with her, (for which I am sure she must feel indebted to him.) One made reply, she had seen him there frequently. He acknowledged he had been there two or three evenings to hear her talk nonsense, and ended with calling her a vain fool. On learning more of this wonderful being, I was not so much surprized at the appellation, for only think, she was so impolite, he says, as to talk half an hour and give him no room to display his eloquence. I am astonished at her, for his all attractive graces are sufficient to command silent admiration. Ah! when he speaks the music of his well-turn'd periods thrills through every fibre.—I confess I was so charmed that on my return to the inn, I asked a young girl (giving a description of him) if she knew such a person? La! yes, replied the girl, he goes by the name of Jackey Knitting-Needles, or Tattling Jack, no person likes him, he is so deceitful. I am sorry I can not stay here a day longer, if I could I should most assuredly make the Jackanapes sue for pardon, or cut a few capers across the floor.

For the sake of the young lady I will make his character well known.

A Friend to the Fair Sex.

Lancaster, Oct. 11.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO give words, their original and genuine construction, is the province, nay duty, of every lover of truth, and of the peace and harmony of society. To do the reverse, is to deserve censure. To cloak the vitious acts of the *libertine* under the mild appellation of *affairs* of *gallantry*; or the *assassination* of a friend, under that of an *affair* of *honor*, is dangerous. Dangerous it is to private individuals, calamitous to the public, and subversive of every distinction, between right and wrong, virtue and vice. To the tears and distresses of seduced innocence, the abandoned profligate, is deaf; spurns, with contempt, every overture for an honorable connexion; and exults in the much injured honor of an affectionate father, or the pressing entreaties of a doating mother. Void of every principle of virtue, regardless of wretchedness and of woe, he goes on, in his successful career of seduction; and instead of laboring under the merited execration of mankind, receives the plaudits of an admiring age.

Thus also it is, with the *man* of *honor*. He, at once, callous to all sense of humanity, and destitute of every tie of friendship and consanguinity, perpetrates deeds, from which, even savage ferocity would shrink, and gothic barbarism, disclaim. To contend against an enemy, in a time of declared hostility, when our lives, our property, and our liberty, are invaded, is praise-worthy, is noble, is necessary: but is it a noble or necessary act to murder a fellow being in cool blood, and to raise the widow's tear and the orphan's moan? Surely not!—Yet as long as the sneaking circumlocutions of affairs of gallantry and affairs of honor are attached to acts of this nature, so long will the libertine and the murderer, meet the tacit approbation of a civilized age; and so far from vice yielding to virtue, the latter must pay homage to the former. CLYTUS.

FOR THE HIVE.

ON LOVE.

LOVE is a term so equivocal, and so various in its common acceptation among us, that it appears difficult to affix to it any settled idea. One person will tell you "that love is the sweet soother of our cares and anxieties"—a second, "that it is a foolish, headstrong passion, whose pleasures exist no where but in fancy"—a third, "that it is the cordial drop that heaven sends to sweeten the bitter draught of life"—and a fourth, "that there is no such thing as *love*, and that it never existed but in novels, romances, &c. Thus variegated are the opinions of people, with respect to the term *love*, according to their age, temper, and disposition.

Love, in my opinion, consists of but two parts, namely, *passion* and *affection*. When the *passion* rules, it eagerly pants for enjoyment, and there it commonly ends; but when true *affection* governs, it is generally lasting and permanent. The first is nothing more than a mere lust; the last, a sincere kindness of the soul towards its desired object.

The *love*, or rather loose *passion*, which is now so generally predominant, is nothing more than one of the wandering fancies of the corrupted imagination; but that *love* which is founded in the affections of the heart, and cherished by calm reflection, bids fair for success, and for being finally united, by the bonds of *Hymen*, in an union promising the everlasting enjoyment of peace, happiness, and prosperity. ADONIS.

Mr. M'Dowell,

By inserting the following in your next number, you will confer a favor on

G. M'C——.

DIED—On Sunday the 5th of September last, in the 21st year of his age, Mr. *Hockley Cloyd*, only son of Mr. James Cloyd, of Chester county. The loss of this young man, as a member of society, is highly regretted by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with him.

Memento Mori.

'TIS thus we see the Lord doth plant,
And plucks also at pleasure;
At age and youth he calls his own,
And gathers them together.

This should still remember'd be,
That mortals all do fall;
The history's true, but nothing strange,
"That death's the end of all."

To Correspondents.

WE have taken the liberty of altering the *signature* of the communication inserted this day immediately under our poetical head, on account of our having another correspondent who writes occasionally under the same.

The person who favored us with a communication, some time since, entitled "*Maria's Grave*," must give us a private interview previous to its publication.

We return our unfeigned thanks to our several correspondents, and solicit a continuance of their favors.

Printing elegantly and promptly executed at this office.——*Orders solicited.*

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

Please publish the "Contest," and oblige your constant reader, EDWIN.

WHY did the Rose and Lily try,
Each others beauties to outvie?
Why choose the lovely Harriet's face,
To represent their ev'ry grace?

The Rose now bloom'd upon her cheek,
The Lily as a seraph meek—
Crept round the precincts of the Rose,
And there, did all her charms disclose.

The Cherry sees the tempting boast,
Grew envious they should rule the roast:
Spread o'er her lips in purest red,
With pride exulting boldly said——

"Go bashful Rose, and hide thy face,
Into the Lily's soft embrace;
Nor 'tempt ye flow'rets to outshine,
A hue so rich, so bright as mine."

Lancaster, Oct. 20.

To BEAUTY.

BEAUTY! no more my choice perplex,
Now fancy fixes freely;
Still have I loved the charming sex,
Now all their charms in Delia!

STREPHON.

Lancaster, 24 Octo. 1803.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY; OR,
A NEW PUZZLE IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.*

HAPPY a man may pass his life
While freed from matrimonial chains,
When he is govern'd by a wife
He's sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to declare
The failings which in women dwell,
The worth that falls to women's share,
Can scarce be call'd—perceptible.

In all the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
Truth—darling of a heart sincere,
In women never can reside.

They're always studying to employ
Their time in vanity and prate.
Their leisure hours in social joy,
To spend is what all women hate.

* When read for the PRAISE of women, the 1st and 3d lines, then the 2d and 4th must be read.

Destruction take the men I say,
Who make of women their delight,
Those who contempt to women pay,
Keep prudence always in their sight.

THE LOVER CURED.

YOUNG DAMON with a lover's stare,
Ey'd PHILLIS o'er and o'er;
"And sure," said he, "a form so fair,
"Was never seen before.

"I love that eye, so soft and meek:
"And who can e'er withstand,
"The lovely dimples of thy cheek,
"The whiteness of thy hand!

"O give me but a lock of hair,"
He said with ravish'd eyes,
"That on my finger I may wear,
"And kiss the sacred prize."

What female could withstand the shock?
The yielding fair submits;
Poor DAMON clip'd his favorite lock,
And found it full of——NITS!

A NEW ROMANCE.

SAD was the parting,
When the tear starting,
Trembled in drops on the cheek of my dear;
When the breast panting,
Felt words were wanting,
Murmuring, sighing, adieu in mine ear.

Glad was the meeting,
Tender the greeting,
Gazing, delighted, 'till tears fill'd the eye;
When at returning,
Each with love burning,
Tasted the rapture that speaks in the sigh.

To HOPE.

AH, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow!
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say
"Be calm, thine ills, will end to-morrow."
The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,
Since I, alas! with THEE must perish.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Jack to Tom, you're a rogue and a cheat,
Says Tom to Jack, you're a rascal complete.
Quoth Richard, the truth of the proverb I see,
That two of a trade can never agree.

HUMOR.

GEN. LEE was remarkable slovenly in his dress and manners; and has often, by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attending Gen. Washington to a place distant from the camp—Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, some time before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen, and demanded something to eat; when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him she would give him victuals in a moment—but he must first help her off with the pot. This he complied with, and sat down to some cold meat which she placed for him on the dresser. The girl was remarkable inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly of Lee, who she said she heard was one of the oddest and ugliest men in the world. In a few moments she desired the general again to assist her in placing on the pot, and scarce had he finished, when she requested him to take a bucket and go to the well. Lee made no objection, and began drawing the water.—In the mean time Gen. Washington arrived, and an aid-de-camp was dispatched in search of Lee: whom to his surprise, he found engaged as above—But what was the confusion of the poor girl, on hearing the aid-de-camp address the man with whom she had been so familiar, with the title of excellency!—The mug fell from her hand, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon; when Lee, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown, and turning to the aid-de-camp, observed—"you see, young man, the advantage of a find coat—the man of consequence is indebted to it for respect; neither virtue nor abilities, without it, will make him look like a gentleman."

A gentleman crossing one of the ferries on Connecticut river, observed to the ferryman, "that his employment was similar to CHARON."—"True," replied the ferryman, "and my passengers resemble his."

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE-HIVE,' A FEW DOORS EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN EAST KING-STREET.